

# Zion's Herald.

VOLUME LXIX.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1891.

NUMBER 32.

## Zion's Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE  
Boston Wesleyan Association,

36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor.

ALONZO S. WEED, Publisher.

All licensed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

Price, including postage, \$2.00 per year.

Specimen Copies Free.

## The Outlook.

When Dr. Stephenson, of Illinois, twenty-five years ago made a humble beginning of the Grand Army of the Republic, he hardly expected that its silver anniversary would find it an organization with 45 departments, 7,409 posts, and 308,067 comrades in good standing.

Its recent gathering at Detroit, with its 40,000 soldiers in line, compared favorably with any previous meeting.

One feature of interest was ex-President Hayes marching in line with his post from Fremont, O. A tremendous ovation, with cheer on cheer, greeted him as he passed.

A question of great importance, but late in appearing in the history of the order, is that of Negro posts—a strong effort having been made to organize separate departments for them in certain States.

This is advocated in the opening address of the commander-in-chief.

His views do not partake of broad statesmanship, and are scarcely a reflection of the best Northern sentiment.

The Judge Advocate General, in a well-considered report, takes direct issue on the subject, and says very wisely: "If additional departments in States may be formed on lines of color or of birth, they may or may not be personal following or personal antipathies, or upon disagreements of any kind."

The whole matter was referred to a sub-committee, whose report against discriminating against the colored soldiers was adopted.

It has been properly assumed that this organization has reached the apex of its prosperity, the net increase for the year ending June 30, 1891, being 126 only.

Every year makes deep inroads into its ranks.

During the past year there were 3,157 deaths in the order, and such distinguished names as Judge Charles Devens, Gen. Sherman, Admiral Porter, and others went to swell the list.

The sum expended in charity for the year was \$333,699.85.

The actual increase of donations to the Grant Monument fund from the order amounted to \$11,75—all reported by the State of Minnesota.

Of the Mexican war there are 16,350 survivors; widows, 6,910.

Of the war of 1812, 25 survivors; 753 widows.

Total pensioners, \$30,000, to pay whom will require about \$15,000,000.

The workings of the new postal subsidy law will be watched with interest. It is not only a new departure, but it is the operation of a new principle for the government to make money payments direct to steamship companies as a premium for the performance of an extraordinary contract. The compensation was fixed so low by Congress that it was feared no company would be found to accept it. One company, at least, however—the New York and Cuba Mail—proposes to build new steamers of steel and of 5,000 tons burden to run 16 knots an hour, and to establish a line between New York and Buenos Ayres, touching at Montevideo. These vessels will be superior to any British or other foreign vessel engaged in trade with South America. By this line the mails, which now take forty days to reach Buenos Ayres, will be delivered in eighteen days. It is very apparent that this means a revolution in the methods of doing business with this portion of South America, and will greatly facilitate trade with these important ports. The same company will bid for the mail service between Mexico, Havana, South Cuba, and New York. They have now three steel steamers for this purpose, and in the event of securing the contract, will build a fourth. It is interesting to note that these steamers have a larger tonnage than any of our empires now afloat, and that in consideration of these steamers being held in readiness for war purposes, they are allowed two dollars a mile for each outward trip. The wisdom of the new law bids fair to be amply demonstrated.

## Briefer Comment.

**T**HIS steamer "Majestic," of the White Star line, has now broken the record of the ocean steamers, and comes to the front as the fastest steamer afloat. Her time of 5 days, 18 hours and 8 minutes, surpasses that of the "City of Paris" of the Inman line, by about one hour. The latter boat still holds the record of making the fastest single day's run of 509 miles. The record of the various steamers is kept with a great degree of exactness. It is a triumph of navigation that steamers can be run so accurately for a distance of nearly three thousand miles. In the case of the "Majestic," her course was as nearly as possible, in a direct line from Ireland to New York as was possible, making the running distance the straightest ever noted.

## Spend Too Much Time Washing Nets.

When vast schools of fish are flitting along our coasts of opportunity, it may appear that the very best way in which to wash our nets is by their prompt submersion beneath the waters in practical, earnest efforts to save men. The miracle that makes possible a wonderful draft of fishes may avail, also, to cleanse and strengthen every mesh in the vast but simple machinery of Methodism.

I am an optimistic Methodist, yet without the extreme of believing that "whatever is, is right." If some things might conceivably be better, I heartily believe things will become right, not fatalistically, but because Christ takes old nets into account when He points to deeper water and tells us to try a cast upon a side of the ship not preferred by those who fish as their grandfathers did, and are not inspired by Him who made the waters, and created all in them. Let us keep on fishing, and thus get the courage that comes of thanking God. Methodism, like sincere men, has always done her best when unconscious of herself. Introspection when excessive always does damage. Self-consciousness leads one to wonder where he shall put his hands, and it makes him awkward and apt to stumble over himself. When an overwhelming motive or emotion seizes a man, as when his house takes fire, or he falls overboard, Delsarte rules fly to the winds, and utmost manly effort takes rank next after Providence. Perhaps such effort is providence, since God helps those who help themselves. Methodism introspection, though sincere, seems to me just now to be excessive and harmful. I say this with perfect respect for, and confidence in, those who appear to be in danger of Methodist pessimism. That is a "modern tendency" which I deplore because it does more harm than do most of the evils which some of my brethren aim to identify.

Yet no one should fail to respect the ration-

ale of that apparent pessimism. It has

their central, governing head in New York. The work of the new Order will be largely that of the two old orders, but, if anything, more benevolent and more wide-reaching.

## Our Editors.

REV. ARTHUR EDWARDS, A. M., D. D.  
Editor Northwestern Christian Advocate.

## SOME MODERN METHODIST TENDENCIES.

I would seem that Methodism has become

## an "Objective Reality"

in this world. It appears that the church lives, moves, and hath a being. Being much of a fact, it gets to be talked about, and discussed in various ways. Centennials have begotten more than a little substantial boasting in the interior, and have brought to pass considerable exterior criticism. It is singular that some of the most adverse criticism and some of the least encouraging prophecy concerning our future are coming from within our own lines. Perhaps this is a philosophical reaction from our centennial bragging; and, whether it is or not, things will get pretty well leveled up by the time the debate is ended.

I rejoice that there are some "tendencies in modern Methodism" to be discussed. A "tendency" means a trend, a test, a trial, as in the case of a modern huge ocean steamer whose mighty engines when at full speed search for every weak spot and joint in the whole fabric. Tread means advance, and not mere drifting, with pulseless engines and a wallowing hull. Logs and chips drift upon currents. The church is the current, and not a helpless, aimless something that idly slides along the surface of the stream. I rejoice, also, that men care to discuss some modern Methodistic tendencies. It is not well when everything is left to ecclesiastical precedent and canonical machinery. We are not going to heaven by contract, but are rather like the crews of fishing vessels on your New England coasts, each man of whom is vitally related to all his shipmates and entitled to profits and losses, "share and share alike."

Indeed, the original commission of Methodism made us fishers of men. When godly men of blessed memory in Wesley's day mourned because they, like the fishermen of whom Luke and John tell us, "toiled all night and took nothing," they listened to the Master's suggestion about deeper water and a trial cast on the other side of the vessel. The disciples in their age, Wesley and his helpers in their day, and we in our own times, are anxious about our nets, and solicitous lest our ships should sink beneath the burden of the miraculous draft of fishes. In Luke's account of the miracle it appears that when Christ first saw the two ships by the lake-side, "the fishermen were gone out of them and were washing their nets." Mending and repairs are necessary, but perhaps it is possible that Gennesaret fishermen and modern Methodists may

## Spend Too Much Time Washing Nets.

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## Only Side Drifts and Eddies

in the great deep current of the church's life. If we have six times as many bishops as the church had when our communicants numbered only one hundred thousand, we have meantime multiplied our communicants by twenty. If we once had no missionary secretaries and now have three, we once gave nothing to missions, whereas we now give many hundreds of thousands, and have more fruits in India alone than Wesley had in America when he had this continent on his earnest heart.

If we have an immense publishing interest that requires the care of four men and a large general committee, one saddlebag once held all that Methodism printed, and that, too, was imported. And so on to the end of the

franchises and vast agencies which have made a few men lust after power, but which have

led the main grand army to perceive the danger and determine that no item of moral peril should induce the church thereto for

burn up her assets. It is alleged that some

ministers become infected with unreasonable

desire to become bishops, therefore the

episcopal term should be limited, and no one

should be re-elected. I hold that the very

size of the church and the very number of our

bishops requires that one central authority

should be far beyond the human touch of

those who do not walk softly in the presence

of our American excessive republicanism.

With the rule that two-thirds of votes must

be cast for a bishop, and that swift annihilation

shall overtake him who unduly aspires

or conspires, there ought to be no danger in

our life episcopacy which a clean man who

trusts God is unwilling to face. If it appears even faintly probable that an unworthy man now and then has ascended to power, it may be well to ascertain whether he was elected by his unsound friends or by his unwise opposers. We hesitate to declare that more harm has been done to modern Methodism by actual "church politics" than by the constant reiterated of the claim that such politics do in fact exist to a dangerous extent. The hearts of ninety-nine out of every hundred Methodist preachers are in the right place, and their consciences are right before God. If that plan of estimate suggests that we are endangered by one hundred and thirty ministers whose hearts and consciences are not right, that fact comes of the prosperity that gives us thirteen thousand ministers, one per cent. of whom fall by the theory on the wrong side of the line. We do not say that they are there, but it would seem from the claims of others that the line should be moved still further in the wrong direction. One-sixth of the disciples went wrong, but the world has been improving ever since, and our church is not yet in the rapids above the cataract. Just now there seems to be

## Some Fresh Adjusting of Forces in the Church.

The lay delegation movement and change are beginning to produce their not unforeseen results. When the church has placed its

interests in the hands of a General Conference

which is properly constituted, a new day will

dawn upon Methodism, and she will start

forward into a fresh and more blessed era of

conquest. The attempt to reduce the number

of ministerial delegates to that of the laymen

has failed. Now let us cease efforts to level

the inequality down, and proceed to level it

up by increasing the number of laymen to

that obtaining among ministers. Then divide

the constituencies into two houses. When

all elections must result from concurrence of

the two houses, when all weighty measures

must pass that double test, when woman is

eligible as a layman (not for her sake, but in

order to widen the area of the church's

possible choice), and when consequent de-

liberateness is possible under that arrangement,

certain alleged "modern tendencies in

Methodism" will disappear as ghosts retreat

before the dawn. Pending those proper and

valuable changes, we shall do well to keep our

nets busy, and be within call when the Master

of Lake Gennesaret seeks to enter into our

ship. He knows where the deep water is.

He knows how to fill our nets. He has power

to still every storm, and summon peace to

displace tempest.

## A RELIGIOUS TOWN MEETING.

REV. D. H. ELA, D. D.

**T**HIS article by Dr. Hoss furnishes an appropriate heading for some long-cherished thoughts.

The church greatly needs the equivalent of the annual town meeting. It is unnecessary to more than remind the New England reader of the social benefits of the town meeting—the influence in the political education of the citizen and in producing the unity and individuality of the community. The church needs these results to-day.

The early Methodists found an equivalent for the town meeting in the camp-meeting, and especially in the quarterly meeting. To these gatherings came the membership from far and near, under conditions which cultivated the best social relations, quickened the religious sensibilities, gave knowledge of the polity and insight into the business affairs of the church, as well as opportunity to hear her doctrines stated and defended by the ablest pulpit orators of the times. The result was a unity of doctrine and usage, and a connectional feeling rarely equaled and never surpassed by any large Christian body.

In the changes of the times these gatherings have ceased and have left no substitute. The societies of Methodism are now so segregated that there is little more of connectional affinity between them than is to be found between churches of other denominations. Nor is there, in our larger churches, opportunity for the cultivation of personal acquaintance and fellowship among the members, and the development of a community of interest and an individuality of church life. A part of this condition, resulting from the changed conditions, is the fact that our membership have no equivalent opportunity for acquaintance with the practical affairs of the church, its laws or methods of administration. Few of the members have more than a vague notion of the financial needs or methods, of the duties of steward or trustee, or of the powers and limitations of the quarterly conference.

Moreover, there are some duties now done in official meetings which could be better performed in the church meeting. The process of transfer of powers from the ministry to the officiary and the laity has been going on from the beginning until now. A few more such transfers are needed to complete the symmetry of the church. The church members should select the boards of trustees and the stewards. It was simply a necessity of the beginnings of Methodism that the preacher should select and appoint and remove at will the various officers, as he received and expelled members of the church. But there is now no reason why the pastor should nominate, or the quarterly conference elect, these officers. On the contrary, there are often serious embarrassments to the pastor in this duty imposed upon him. There is equal impropriety in the members of the quarterly conference re-electing themselves to office.

We have laymen in the General Conference; but while neither they nor the body electing them are elected by the laity, and especially while the minister has the sole right of nomination of the electors of the lay delegates, we can hardly be said to have lay representation. Let the stewards and trustees and the delegates to the electoral conference be

elected by the church members, and our representative system will be complete.

The trustees should report to the church meeting, as they now do to the quarterly conference, the amount and condition of the property held in trust for the church, with account of receipts and expenditures for care and improvement of property, etc. The stewards should also report the receipts and expenditures for current expenses, amounts raised for benevolences, etc. In addition to these, it would be profitable to have an annual report by the pastor of the spiritual condition and work of the church, a summary of pastoral and pulpit work, of baptisms, conversions, additions, removals and deaths of members.

The Sunday-school superintendent should also report for his department, and the Ladies' Circle and the Epworth League assert and have recognized their partnership in the one body.

It may be claimed that much of the work here outlined can be, and often is, done in the churches now. This is true, and is proof of the felt need. But much of it, and especially the election of stewards and trustees, requires a change of the Discipline. And, anyway, the annual church meeting can only attain dignity and efficiency by legal recognition. Let us have it.

## Let Them Dig Away.

"Let them," says a good Dutch Reformed minister—"let the scholars and critics dig and analyze the Scriptures to their hearts' content. The more they dig, the more truth they will turn up. The more they analyze, the more righteousness they will find."

## Miscellaneous.

### THE CULMINATION OF THE SEASONS.

REV. D. SHERMAN, D. D.

We have come to the ideal period, the season of varied beauty, the corona of the year. On the face of nature we trace the smile of the Creator, and, in the song of birds, the hum of insects and the whisper of the breeze, hear His voice. Summer is

The Visible Image of Perfection.

In the vegetable and animal worlds everything is at its best. Nature stops, as it were, for a gain day. There is a widened in her provision; all her halls, in field and forest, are thrown open to the public; the world is welcomed to the jubilant feast which inspires and refreshes without intoxication.

The wealth of nature here displayed delights and overpowers us. The horn of plenty is emptied, the treasures of the universe are poured at our feet. The vegetable growths fill field and forest and extend over plain and mountain, bursting everywhere from the surface. The soil seems to be alive with the seed of tree, plant and grass. No square mile is sterile. Nature has a growth for the barest soil. The suns and showers of June quicken life and beauty the desolate places by the road-way and hill-side. There is enough and to spare. The feast is dealt out with a lavish hand. The waste, so constant and so great, has no tendency to exhaust the store. The ravage of the destroyer gives place to something better. The mold makes possible vegetable growths, and these in turn provide for animal life. The scale is an ascending one up to man, who heads the column. The insect, holding a place at the foot and apparently so insignificant, makes possibly five-sixths of the animal life of the globe. Hidden away in winter, hordes and regiments move out in summer, as in a grand campaign or migration. The dust swarms with them, as though the very soil was alive. Above them stand larger forms of animated nature, rank on rank, in the most beautiful order; bird and beast and man himself move in the grand array. The fullness, the inextinguishable, the column on column, make us feel that we are dealing with the infinite rather than the finite.

High summer is the

**Grand Art Exhibition of the Creator.**

The masterpieces are displayed to satiate the sense of beauty. There is no bunting work. In the minutest detail, as in the broader outline, there is perfection. Though produced in haste, there are no evidences of negligence. The hand of the Master is visible everywhere. The minute forms, the more delicate the workmanship. The petal of the tiniest flower is more marvelously made than the cedar of Lebanon; the growth of an hour is touched with delicacy and beauty wanting in that which outlasts the centuries. The insect is hardly less attractive than the vegetable world. A single specimen might well engage our study for the season; the lesson can never be completely mastered. The wing of the butterfly is more gorgeously colored than the canvas of Raphael or Michael Angelo; the brush never fails of its designed effect; the finer lines are distinctly drawn; every part is worked up to completion; the best artist can suggest no improvement.

Summer is the festival of the birds, whose song, in varied tone, melody and sweetness, suits every ear. There is a wide range of wood notes, each delightful in its time and place. The matin at daybreak has a pensive charm; the swell of the greater choir, as these devout sun-worshippers herald the god of day, thrills the soul; and then the breaking forth of the grand orchestra of the grove and forest, as with the clang of a thousand instruments, floods the soul with rapture. To hear them is to hear the best. Jenny Lind could only imitate the wild choristers of the wood. He is poor who has no ear to appreciate their harmony.

The delights of this season have been the theme of the poet and artist. They have told us much; there is so much they cannot tell. There are some things we can know only at first hand. Who can tell us of the harmony of music? Who can translate for us the beauties of sunrise and sunset, or bring to us the glory of the starry heavens? God has reserved these beauties for the original discovery of each soul. After reading Milton and Wordsworth and Gray, the beauties of nature first come out to your own eye. No one can see or hear for you; your own hand must pull back the curtain and your own eye detect the mysteries within. The poet and artist can only suggest and quicken, as it were, our inner sense. We must come at nature directly; we must read not in translations, but in the original. The primitive text, in these glowing days, lies open before us.

**The Satisfaction of the Season**

are unspeakable. As at no other period, our cup is full to overflowing. We have more than heart can wish; we are oppressed by the very abundance and excellence of the provision. In our passage across the desert of life, we have come upon springs of water and gardens of beauty and plenty. The golden city of Revelation seems to have dropped upon our path. Here is the river clear as crystal and the tree yielding twelve manner of fruits, with healing even in its leaves. Each sense is sated. To live in such an environment is joy, deep and inexpressible. We pass, as it were, out of the sober, work-day world into one of magic, the work of fairies, too beautiful to last in this mortal state.

But this glorious season, the coronal of the year, is the expressive type of the home beyond. Heaven is the summer of the soul. We pass to the land

of light and life, and genial warmth, where every scene affords delight, where joy grows to rapture, and where perfect conditions are adapted not only to minister pleasure, but to develop in the soul whatever is noblest and best.

"There the morn shall wake in gladness, And the noon the joy prolong; There the daylight lies in fragrance 'Mid the burst of holy song; Brother, we shall meet and rest 'Mid the holy and the blest."

### BISHOP GOODSELL IN KOREA.

REV. GEORGE HEBER JONES.

The seventh annual meeting of the

Korea Mission

was held in the capital city, Seoul, June 10-13, under the presidency of Bishop Goodsell. It was a season of great profit and encouragement to all. The presence of the Bishop, always ready with wise counsel and cheer, was felt to be a blessing. The reports, prepared with the greatest conservatism, were still felt to evidence growth and development. The discussions were carried on in a spirit of true friendliness and good-will, and when it was all over all felt that it had been a time of genuine profit.

An organization was effected June 10 by the election of officers and the appointment of committees. Then followed the reading of reports, of which there were seven, on various departments of the work. Along educational, medical and evangelistic lines steady growth was observable. The mission school, named by his majesty the king, "Pal Chai Haktang"—which, being interpreted, means "Hall for the Training of Useful Men"—had had a total enrollment of 53 during the year. A collegiate department had been opened, with a freshman class of two, and in the preparatory school promising students were pressing their way towards the same goal. Best of all, the school was in excellent spiritual health. A soul-profiting interest in God's truth and the way of salvation had been visible throughout the year. There had been no violent spiritual outbreak, but a steady, deep and substantial spirit of religious inquiry had gladdened all hearts. Some had joined the church on probation. Many were active or professing Christians, while all attended divine service.

Medically 6,000 patients have been treated at the hospitals of the Parent Board. These patients came from every province of the realm, and have carried back with them accounts not only of the wonderful power of Western medical science, but also the news of a new truth and of One, Jesus, the Physician of men's souls. Services have been maintained at the hospitals, many books and tracts sold, and religious instruction constantly carried on. The relieving of physical pain has brought many a soul into a position where it would listen, at least, to God's Word. The dullness of spiritual faculty and the pronounced indifference of the Korean, towards religious matters have produced embarrassing difficulties; but among the agencies which are helping solve these, the medical work is gaining high rank.

In the absence of Mrs. M. F. Scranton,

**The Work among Women**

was reported by Miss Rothweiler. Of this work Superintendent Appenzeller only expressed the sentiment of the entire meeting when he said: "The W. F. M. S. is to be congratulated on the condition of its work in Korea, and I here record my high appreciation of the zeal and devotion of its workers." Though opposed by greater and more embarrassing obstacles, the work has kept full pace with that among men. The native laws which govern woman's conduct, and keep her in strict seclusion, would seem to render it impossible to reach any above the very lowest classes with the Gospel message; but meetings have been maintained for the benefit of all classes, and not infrequently the aggregate number reached on a Sabbath is over one hundred. Twenty-two women are now probationers in the Seoul circuit, and during the year three have been received into full membership. Up to the present time nineteen have been baptized; Methodist having baptized the first woman to receive that ordinance at the hands of Protestant Christianity. One of the significant facts was the announcement that two of the girls in the school, both Christians, had married Christian men and gone out to establish Christian homes. These make three Christian homes which have thus been established—the beginnings of a work which will not cease until the land shall be covered with such bright spots and a new era introduced for woman in Korea.

Dr. Sherwood, in reporting her work among the women, said she had treated 1,902 out-patients at the dispensary; made 63 professional calls, and received 23 cases into the hospital, making a total of 1,988 for her eight months in the field. This hospital has also proved an evangelizing centre, from which, along with medicine, the Word of God has been dispensed—sent into homes which might never have been reached otherwise.

It will be seen from these reports that every agency established by the Mission has been made to contribute directly to the

**One Main Object of Enlightening Darkened Hearts;**

while back of them all has been a steady, direct evangelistic work among all classes. In addition to those places under the auspices of the women, five stations for regular preaching have been maintained in and around the capital. Four of these were opened during the year and can report only the beginnings of a work; but at the main station the year has been prosperous and encouraging. From the

capital city the work has spread in many directions. Itinerating trips in the country have been more productive of direct result than ever before. A great field stretches in every direction from the capital; to the north and south are great cities, in only a very few of which even the beginnings of a work are visible. These have been visited and strengthened as far as possible. The church now numbers 73 members. Of this number 15 are full members, and 58 on probation. These are the fruits of six years of work—the first-fruits rather—a soul never before cultivated except by Roman Catholicism.

One of the noteworthy events of the year has been

**The Erection of a Press Building.**

It has been a genuine need, and goes a long way toward solving the difficulty of how to reach the people. Korea is intellectually inclined. It delights in a book, and the press coming thus opportunely sends its testimony where the missionary could not hope to go. Manured by natives, most of whom are students in the school, it is printing Scriptures and tracts by the thousands. And of these books after they are printed the superintendent of the press says: "None are store-worn or in danger of becoming so." The people buy them, and when they buy them it is safe to say they read them.

Such is a meagre summary of what the reports presented to the meeting contained. They showed at least one thing—that the spoiling of the enemy of men's souls had already begun in Korea in dead earnest.

On the Sabbath following the annual meeting the Bishop ordained as an elder George Heber Jones, one of the members of the Mission—an impressive service which touched all hearts.

The appointments are as follows:—H. G. Appenzeller, superintendent. Evangelistic work—Seoul Circuit: F. Ohlinger, G. H. Jones, one to be supplied; Chemulpo, H. G. Appenzeller.

Medical work: superintendent, W. B. Scranton; physician in charge, W. B. McGill.

Educational work: H. G. Appenzeller, principal Pai Chai College; G. H. Jones, teacher Pai Chai College.

Superintendent of Mission Press, F. Ohlinger.

W. F. M. S.: Miss L. C. Rothweiler, principal of Ewa School, Bible work; Miss Rosetta Sherwood, M. D., physician in charge Woman's Hospital; Miss Margaretta J. Bengel, teacher in Ewa School; Mrs. M. F. Scranton, absent in the United States.

### "THE EVACUATION OF BOSTON."

CAR WHEEL TOURIST.

Fifty thousand people have left Boston within fifty days; and they are more scattered than the soldiers and civilians were by the first battle of Bull Run. The publishers of a directory couldn't find them. They fled like men in uniform, but not like men of war. Never since Boston was a town have more "old clothes" gone from the city to the country—"anything will do" where these people have gone.

These fifty thousand persons will never all return. Some of them have been drowned; some of them have been married; more of them have sickened and died. But most of them very probably will see no danger, for they have gone where their only labor is to kill the time.

"Idly busy rolls their world away."

The first evacuation of Boston left a remarkable reminder of the famous flight on Cape Cod. I have a cane made from the hulk of one of the war ships which bombarded Charlestown and Boston, but was stranded on the loyal sands of the outer bay as it tried to get away with the red-coated troops who had fought at Bunker Hill. The "Somerset" was buried for a hundred years; then it turned up long enough to make quite a trade in canes at Provincetown before it was turned under again. I married a couple who had come from that famous fisherman's town, and part of my fee was the cane.

This second evacuation has sprung the refugees along the sands of the South Shore from Hull to Harwich and on to the first landing of the Pilgrim Fathers from the "Mayflower." I fled myself for a few days last week along the track of these summer travelers, and wherever I went I found them. Cape Cod is one vast board-room from Wareham on Buzzard's Bay to High Pole Hill in Provincetown. Everybody who isn't a visitor "keeps hotel" and "knows how." The Cape got its name from the first fish caught there, and that fish has been the "cape turkey" ever since. The summer boarder comes from California to catch it, and the same fish in turn sends an aristocracy from the Cape to California for the winter.

I went first to

Wianno.

Only cultured people know where that place is—I shouldn't have known if my wife hadn't gone there—and most of them don't know why it is called Wianno. Twenty-five cottages, worth from five to fifteen thousand dollars each, are grouped around a single hotel—the Cotocheset House—midway between Hyannis and Cotuit on Nantucket Sound, in front of the Vineyard—so far to the front as to be out of sight of everything but themselves. Here a coterie of happy families with congenial guests are met to rest by the sea. The guests, like "Eneas with his seven ships, are come hither to find themselves in the dwelling place of the nymphs. The cliffs are not very high, but the shining woods are over them. They tell me that "Eneas might find his 'three great stags upon the shore and a herd following them' if he would but climb the cliff and go into

the woods. It must be that only the law prevents him. I saw a fawn scampering over the fields as I went by stage from the station eight miles away, and drew near to this cozy collection of cottages, "screened with clumps of green."

It would not be difficult to find here the queenly Dido if I were to go on with the "Eneid"; for "in all this place was a woman the leader." It may not have been always thus—the men were here on Sunday. And possibly thus it will not always be between the Sundays—the men are here to stay through August. But I have learned of no quarrels for "primacy" here. After all quarrels anywhere "one of the grandest things in having rights is that, being your rights, you may give them up."

This is the home of the Garrisons and a score of kindred spirits. Nestled in the heart of the woods is the cottage of Moncure D. Conway, a venerable son of Troy. When I was a boy I read the correspondence from London of this once Methodist preacher, in the *Cincinnati Commercial*. I wondered then "where he would bring up." Now I know.

When I first visited this Greek grove, or Carthaginian, I found a philosopher filling the ears of the people with "cyprian lectures" on the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare. This time I heard an hour's lecture and more on the influence of St. Jerome on the early church. What Wianno don't know is agnostic.

Then I went to

Bourne

—that bourne from whence travelers return. "Of a sudden," like "Eneas, I heard a great clamor and saw a company of men come quickly to the place, among whom were 'some that I knew. In the midst of the throng were Bishop Mallieau, Dr. Walter Ela, and others whose names may have been 'Antheus and Sergestus and Cloanthus,' for aught I know. I found the Bishop was preaching a dedicatory sermon of a new Methodist church. There are five such churches in the town now. The Bishop said he had dedicated a church in the same town thirty-five years ago. He stopped almost as soon as I had entered the door, notwithstanding I had never heard the sermon before, but he said it was time to 'beg the debt.' 'I've got it.' This was at Monument Beach, in sight of the ex-President's cottage. By the way, they tell me, as though it were an exceptional instance with summer residents in that town, that President Cleveland has set the people an example. The first Saturday evening after he removed to Buzzard's Bay, he dismissed the skipper with his boat, after the week's fishing, until the following Monday morning. 'You mean to-morrow morning,' said the skipper. 'No,' said Mr. Cleveland. 'I mean what I say. I haven't reached my time of life without fishing on Sunday to begin with.'

So near to the Vineyard, one who is outing never returns without crossing to

Cottage City.

Here I was, for the first time, twenty-three years ago. Changes! Who can record them? A Methodist bulwark, then, it is as full of dissenters now as the whole Protestant reformation. "Father Upham" was then the head of the faithful, and tents stood around Cape Cod Bay. But the church fathers? Where are they? And the feast of tabernacles—it is held now under an iron pavilion. They have the historic episcopate, for Dr. Upham inherits the succession, and two noble sons worthy of their father are bishops also. "Dr. Samuel" is in Europe; the see, however, is not vacant during his absence. The western church, whose primacy is in the great Roman city, sends her chief minister to serve for the summer. Like the bishops of the early church, he comes without rubries, or cassock, or surplice, or any such things. An able minister of the New Testament, not of the letter but of the spirit, he is welcomed warmly with a discreet reception.

But the Trojans are here, and many of the Greeks with them. "Eneas lay on coverlets of purple, to whom serving men brought water and bread in baskets and napkins; and within the circle fifty handmaids were ready to replenish the store of victual, and to fan the fire; and a hundred others, with pages as many, loaded the tables with dishes and drinking cups. Many men of Tyre, also, were bidden to the feast." They have games on the plains as stoutly contested as were the earlier Olympian. Dr. J. W. Johnston, of New York, and Dr. Herrick Johnson, of Chicago, move among the men of Troy like Ajax and Achilles. If they have not the arms of Hephaestus upon them, they must have Thetis and Father Zeus to help them. In the midst of the contest I saw Dr. Alonzo Boothby, of Boston, moving about as dexterously and skillfully as when he is in the operating room of his own private hospital. How famed since first I knew him! Asclepius was not more fortunate with his patients, and Apollo succeeded little better with Glaucus, than this now eminent surgeon succeeded with Dr. Knowles of Tilton Seminary. What would Cottage City be without the Bethel preacher? He who never rests, and who has wandered like Ulysses, is here for a fortnight, when he will return to his "world's parish," and release his neighbor pastors who share with him in the care of a whole island. He is not here even the unbroken fortnight. He flies and serves

"betwixt

A Saturday and Monday."

The man who has in his the sterling spiritual stuff to make a good Methodist itinerant preacher is in the best condition to make the most of a pastoral in any church; and the man who has not in him the spiritual elements to adjust himself to our system will scarcely make the best spiritual success in any system. The spirit of Christ will adjust the man to almost any system, so that he can

make a success of it.—*Christian Advocate* (Nashville).

### CURRENT TOPICS IN CANADA.

REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK, D. D.

In the Methodist Church, for the first time in the history of the denomination in this country, we have had of late a controversy involving the

### Fundamental Principles of Biblical Interpretation.

So unaccustomed are we to anything of the sort, that it has produced a feverish state of excitement which renders it almost unsafe to even refer to it, lest one should incur the suspicion of heterodoxy. The historical method of interpretation is a comparatively new thing with us here, and while some of the younger and more adventurous spirits among us are perhaps inclined to make rather too much of it, some of us old fogies, who in our simplicity have supposed that the *se paroles* of Biblical interpretation was reached when Mr. Wesley's "Notes on the New Testament" and Dr. Adam Clarke's "Commentary" were finished, in our solicitude for the ark of God are disposed to put forth ultra-official and not altogether reverent hands to steady it. I suspect, however, that we both have our place, they that put on the steam, and they that put that on the brakes; and that in spite of their recklessness and our timid cautiousness, the train will move forward.

Even some of us old fogies who have never been in Germany, and have never learned of dim perception of the truth that the inspired writers were the religious teachers of the ages in which they lived; that the original object of what they spoke and wrote was the instruction of their own contemporaries; and that an important and indispensable clue to the meaning of their utterances was to be found in the history of their times. Indeed, we have been so irreverent as to call the Hebrew prophets the preachers of their age and their dispensation; and even to timidly hint that the Divine afflatus that rested upon them was the same kind as the "sacredunction from above" which in our day makes the true preacher. In this way we have familiarized ourselves and our people with the idea that the people who



# Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1891.  
[Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass.,  
as second-class matter.]

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### THE INCARNATION OF LAW.

Man is created and trained under law. — "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not" meet him in the cradle and go with him to the grave. Nay, in all worlds he will continue the creature of law. It is stamped upon his organism and penetrates his immortum being. But there is this difference. In the initial stages of his being the law is an outward expression, in the letter; but as he advances to the higher stages of moral existence, the law is transformed into his life as a principle of action and guide in conduct. In the one case the law is outward; in the other, a motive force within. The latter is the higher form, the incarnation, as it were, of the law itself. In the first instance the law is a molding and guiding force; in the second, an inspiration. — "Do you fancy a Greek workman?" said Ruskin, "ever made a vase by measurement? He dashed it from his hand on the wheel and it was beautiful; and a Venetian glass-blower swept a curve of color from their pencils as the musician the cadence of a note, unerring, and to be measured, if you please, afterwards with the exactitude of divine law." The cumbersome rule is for the beginner. The saint in heaven will need no rule; the rule which guided his beginnings will be wrought into the very texture of his immortal nature. The outer law was not made for such a righteous man, but for the frail and erring to whom it is a crutch and compass. In our better condition we shall be able to dispense with these appendages.

### CHRIST THE TRUTH.

The first and deepest and most universal need of mankind is the need of truth. Consider for a moment what our natural life would be, if phenomena, the things which present themselves to the senses, were false instead of true. What if you could place no dependence upon the evidence of your eyes and ears; or what if the testimony of your senses were so erratic that to-day you would behold the sun rising in the east, and to-morrow in the west, and the next day, it may be, in the south? What if you could not count with certainty upon any of the processes of nature? What if there were no truth in nature? Would not life be like some horrible dream?

To take a step farther, what if all our social life were a fabric of falsehood? What if we could never depend upon the truth of a word or the sincerity of a deed? Would not all association with our fellows become a hideous and hateful mockery, and should we not long to be quit of an environment so thoroughly false and unreal?

Now, if all the satisfaction and all the value of our lives, up to this point, depend upon truth in nature and truth in man, shall we be content to stop here and say that we can do without truth in the spiritual world? Shall we insist only upon temporal and finite truth, and willingly give up eternal and infinite truth? That were the saddest suicide of which man is capable — the self-destruction of his spiritual nature; for we live spiritually only as we live in the truth. Truth is the essence of spiritual life — it is the essence of God Himself. To live in God is to live in the truth, and to live in the truth and in God is to live in the spirit. Therefore man's yearning for truth in the spiritual life, which is the highest life, is more intense in this very proportion of its essential, eternal and divine value, than his yearning for natural truth. Man must have truth upon which to feed his spirit, or his spirit will die.

The religious instincts and reasons which have hitherto prevented cremation from becoming prevalent, are not likely to be less potent in the future. They hold, also, with fully equal force against desiccation as against cremation. It has been held that a few eminent examples of cremation, as in the cases of the Duke of Bedford and of Kinglake in England, and also of Emma Abbott in this country, who were cremated pursuant to the study of Rev. A. Inwood, D. D., in the busy and aggressive city of Seattle, contain so many important and practical suggestions, that we gladly afford our readers the privilege of reading the letter: —

"Perhaps a few words from a distant brother agent 'Methodist Journalism' may not be out of place. Right glad am I that you are taking hold of this question. Many

monize those phases so as to realize in them that consistent unity which we call character. Men needed a pattern, an example of truth in all the beauty of its adjusted relations; truth embodied in some perfect human character, some typical man, who should reveal in himself the possibilities of the race. Such was Christ. He came to reveal the truth to men — all truth, natural, social, spiritual; the union of all truth, the perfect humanity, the perfect character.

Shall not, then, the soul of man find its longing after truth satisfied in Jesus Christ, the Son of God? Is there any problem, any doubt, any perplexity, any wavering, which truth as it is in Christ cannot forever set right? Test every question by His life and His words. Do you wish to know the balance and adjustment of the different kinds of truth? Seek that harmony in Christ. His character was the very music of truth — three melodies, one harmony. Not a discordant note is that life from beginning to end!

Do you long to know the meaning of life? Is your soul athirst for the truth which you believe, must underlie the mystery of disappointment and suffering and death? Come unto Him who is the truth, and He will reveal to you the secret of it all. Has any man ever found the answer to the problem elsewhere? Oh, the pathos of this search for the secret of life, in philosophy, in history, in nature, in the enigma of man's own consciousness! Yet who of all the philosophers, the poets, the mystics, the scientists, has found the sweet, satisfying, peace-bringing secret of human life? All alike confess their helplessness, their blindness, their growing despair, when confronted by the awful mystery of existence. No one has ever found the solution of the problem of life outside of Christ. But blessed thought! — all who have earnestly and sincerely sought the truth in Him have found it. The simplest, most unlettered child of God stands nearer the cherished secret of the universe than the greatest poet or the profoundest philosopher whose soul has not yet entered into the meaning of the incarnation of the Son of God.

### CREMATION, DESICCATION, OR BURIAL — WHICH?

Through all the ages the dead have been buried. Here and there embalming or cremation, for the wealthy or the royal classes has obtained. They have been the rare exceptions, and not the rule. Even in countries where, and in periods when, these exceptions occurred, the greater part of the people have been laid in the silent earth-bed by their survivors. Thus Abraham laid his beloved Sarah to her rest in the cave of the field of Machpelah before Mamre; the same is Hebron, in the land of Canaan." So Isaac gave up the ghost and died and was gathered unto his people, being old and full of days, and his sons Esau and Jacob buried him." So Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem." Burning or embalming has been a pagan usage; it was never a Jewish or a Christian practice. Christians hold that cremation diminishes reverence for the dead, and that it is apparently repugnant to the doctrine of the resurrection; it forbids to survivors the visitation of the sacred places where their dead rest; it does violence to the precious memories of the dead.

Recently, still another way of disposing of the dead has been suggested. It is that of desiccation, which consists of removing all moisture from the dead body by forcing through it heated air currents, rendering subsequent putrefaction impossible. This differs but slightly from the ancient Egyptian practice of mummifying the dead. They added to the drying process the injection of resinous and aromatic substances, and wrapping the dead in linen or cotton folds. Desiccation has been selected in this country as being more likely to become popular than cremation, which was unknown to their predecessors.

The advance and hope of the race is seen in this quickened sense of human suffering and want. The suffering is no greater, indeed not so great, as in the ages past; our sense of it is keener and our step is immensely accelerated in the effort to administer relief. Great as may be the social evils in a nation, there is always encouragement to hope for a better condition while efforts are put forth to reform. The case of no man is so hopeless as when he is satisfied with his vices, or fails to see them. The nation which will not master its vices and correct its wrongs must perish, as most of the great nations have done in the past ages. The hope of the American people lies in their desire of improvement, in their earnest attempts to conquer their vices, and to lift themselves upon a higher moral plane.

Incineration of the Duke of Bedford's remains, ugly rumors have been current that he was poisoned. If his body having been burned, the detection of the cause of his death, by chemical tests, is made impossible — another strong argument against cremation.

### THE REVIVAL OF THE HUMANE SENTIMENTS.

One of the most hopeful features of our time is the re-awakening of an interest in the fortunes and misfortunes of the less favored classes. There are great social evils abroad, to be sure. Perhaps we less frequently think that it is a hopeful sign that we are able to realize and deplore them. The discovery is the first step towards the conquest of social evils and wrongs. A hundred and fifty years ago the English-speaking people, with noble exceptions, were dead to them. The people, as we now know them, were unrecognized, and, as it were, undiscovered. "The submerged tenth" was a *terra incognita*, as really strange to the ruling class as Central Africa or Nova Zembla. The sense of feeling for them did not exist. The sympathy for the unfortunate, the poor, the fallen, the reaching down after the perishing classes, the care even for brutes that perish, form features of our own time totally strange to the generations back of us. The savagery and cruelty of the Middle Ages we are with difficulty able to realize even in flights of imagination. Men had no feeling for the classes below them, and were hence unconcerned at their privations and sufferings. This condition prevailed to a much later date than we usually suppose.

The beginning of the upward movement is traceable to the labors of the Wesleys and their associates. The revival of religion, awakening in large classes a sense of the Divine favor, around the moral nature; thus affording a fresh instance of the union of true religion and divine charity. Lifted into sonship with Christ, they began to feel the stirring of sympathies for the less favored of their fellowmen, the broadening of the bonds of kinship with the race. With whatever was human they began, as never before, to feel a concern and to reach forth a hand to help those most in need, such as the sick, the poor, and the prisoner. In this great work the Wesleyans and their associates. The revival of religion, awakening in large classes a sense of the Divine favor, around the moral nature; thus affording a fresh instance of the union of true religion and divine charity. 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which I have been carry me back to a straight through to Tewkesbury, town of England, and are due to him at writing a time. A beautiful historical graph of historical reached a second extremely luminous series of parts, marks the phase also being cumulated about books, as well as book-case. He is himself twenty story-on-Try, I large number of, as every necessary, in some loss. Kensington full, this time, also, I and, and eager of which I believe I may say the Shakespeare I have transcribed histories, a writer who of course, his books I do not single shelf containing a fine example of the Elizabethan drama, and the like, a writer who has a good congregation. The Epworth League now numbers 59 members.

Congregations that lament spiritual coldness in the church should remember Spurgeon's advice to the brother who wished to know the best place to put a stove in the church: "Put it in the pulpit, my friend." A pulpit fire quickly raises the temperature in the pews. But if the pulpit is cold, how can it be warmed? Where is the stove to be found? Listen to the words of a worthy Yorkshire local preacher. He was asked what could a congregation do when they had a dry stick of a minister in the pulpit. He replied, "Clap on more fire in the pews; you know dry sticks burn easily." If the hearers come up to church with hearts set on fire by prayer and yearning for blessing, they will create a warmth in the spiritual atmosphere which cannot fail to thrill the preacher to a new exhibition of pulpit power.

Jesus said to the disciples that their "joy should be full." And yet the majority of Christian people have come to think that the true barometer of a religious life is a sad and disconsolate "ace." There is a charm in that Biblical expression, "leap for joy." The Christian should be characterized by exuberant happiness, by a fountain of buoyancy that overflows everywhere. Mirthfulness is much better than lugubriousness. We have read of the Scotch Highlanders who at home bore the reputation of being very pious, but when spending a Sunday in Edinburgh was greatly shocked because, as he said, "people went to the kirk with happy faces." He thought it wicked to look happy on Sunday.

Bonner said: "God delights in joy; and His desire for His people is that they should be joyful—and this both for their own sakes and His glory. God needs vigorous workers, and He can only have those by bestowing on them a joy adequate to the greatness of the work." In joy the Apostles went forth to work, and the world saw that the joy of Christ was their strength. It is joy, then, and not sorrow, that is our strength; and they that have done most for God have been those who have had most of joy in God."

The First Congregational Church, Conn., thought it wise to take a day off from church on Sunday for King's Day, and for our Epworth

right home from their daughter in this case were doubtful, but she silenced us when we reached me; I told her, "I am your letters." The Epworth

is by the Epworth

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## The family.

## "TILL HE COMES."

[To Miss Jessie Cassedy.]

"A beautiful time for the harvest!"  
Said Pauline, the reaper, one day.  
"My sheaves shall be many and golden  
When the Master cometh this way.  
My place is where grain is ripest,  
And my heart is young and strong,  
Never can I have a sad heart.  
I sing the reaper's song:  
Gathering, gathering for the King,  
Hands may grow weary but glad hearts sing  
Till he comes."

"Pauline!" 'Twas the voice of the Master,  
And she paused in her happy haste  
Where, for want of a skillful reaper,  
Ripe grain was going to waste.  
Pauline, leave that sheaf unbound,  
And I will bind it for you, Mr.  
Wise the Master's word of greeting;  
"I something would say to thee."  
And she heard the happy ringing  
Of the reapers in their singing,  
"Till he comes."

"Wait here, and help on the harvest,"  
Were the Master's strange commands,  
When she reached a lonely corner,  
And folded her eager hands.  
She waited in painful silence,  
Waited with weary heart,  
For the Master and his reapers  
If she did not hear his part?  
Afar she could hear them calling,  
"The beautiful grain is falling,  
Pauline, Pauline, art thou hiding?  
Thou wilt have nothing but clinking  
When he comes."

Her heart was heavy with sorrow,  
And desolate was her cry,  
"Oh, if I could but see the Master,  
I am like a weed thrown by him,  
I left the world and its treasures,  
Nor needed a moment its cost,  
To take my place with the reapers,  
And now all my talents are lost.  
Never more will I be singing,  
Were the ripest grain is springing,  
Till he comes."

"Pauline!" 'Twas the voice of the Master,  
The harvest is Mine, not thine;  
If I bring it to the Master,  
Surely thou need not repine.  
Another has taken thy sickle;  
It only is left to thee.  
To see, in this lone, hidden corner,  
What work can be done for Me.  
There can be no place so dreary,  
That cannot be made fair,  
But that all may help in bringing  
Golden sheaves with happy singing  
When I come."

So she smiled, and gave a welcome  
To Pain, who would be her guest;  
Then Patience and sweet Submission  
Came soon with their peaceful rest,  
With their help, in her shadowed corner,  
Like stars through the evening gloom,  
There stood to see the golden blossoms,  
The dells every spot with bloom.  
Then the Master came so often  
It was called a holy place,  
And the busy reapers lingered  
For more love and lowly grace.  
And they sang, "Till he comes,"  
We will all be ripe grain bringing  
When he comes."

"Thou canst plan for the busy gleaners,"  
Pauline said to the Master, "say  
And she joyfully took his message  
And said, when one came her way,  
"Take flowers to the darkened prison,  
And blooms to the bed of pain,  
And blossoms to weeping mothers;  
They labor will not bear."  
The sun set, and the fragrance went everywhere,  
And tired eyes were uplifted,  
While sad hearts were saved despair.  
In her quiet room came ringing  
Back the echo of their singing,  
"Till he comes."

"Tis time that the sheaves were garnered,  
Said the Master when eve had come,  
And the reapers in the gloaming  
Were all singing their harvest home.  
The sun set, and the world grew pale,  
As they entered the sunset gate,  
Her name on sheaves rich and golden  
That were gathered early and late.  
And the Master smiled approval,  
He said, when she came home,  
"This is the crown of the toilers  
Who have labored well."

"Who has the bells of heaven been ringing,  
And the angels choir was singing,  
"He has come."

— MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ, in *Union Signal*.

## THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

We are never shut out from service and testimony; the most ordinary events of life are sufficient to display the love and power of God. No matter if enclosed by uncogent surroundings, no matter if the door is shut. We are ever gathering or scattering — God's service is not all in the sight of man. — *Annie Shipton.*

The foul dregs lie at the bottom of the vessel. Who does not know that the golden cup of sin is filled with the most nauseous ingredients? Sinner, that which is now like a rose nourishing in your bosom, will in a very little time be like a poisoned dagger at your breast. Take heed, beware of those embraces which are but signals of destruction. While such a Judas kisses, he kills. While the ivy treads round the oak, it eats out its sap. — *William Becker.*

"Lord, save us, we perish!" was a very brief prayer, but it brought its answer. And so we, in like manner, may go through our warfare and work, and day by day as we encounter sudden bursts of temptation may meet them with sudden jets of petition, and thus put out their fires. And the same help avails for long continuing as for sudden needs. Some of us may have to carry lifelong burdens, and to fight in a battle ever renewed. But as we all of us are not weak, nor our power to bear it less perceptible, increased. But the appeal is not to us, and when the fight is over, if not before, we shall know what reinforcements of strength to our weakness were due to our poor cry entering into the ears of the Lord of Hosts. No other "name" is permissible as our plea or as recipient of our prayer. In and on the name of the Lord we must call, and if we do, anything is possible rather than that promise, which was claimed for the church and referred to Jesus in the very first Christian preaching on Pentecost, should not be fulfilled — "Whoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." — *Dr. A. MacLean.*

There's not an hour but from some sparkling beach Go joyful men, in fragile ships, to sail. By unknown seas to unknown lands. They hall The freshening winds with eager hope and speech To wondrous countries which they soon will reach. Let on the shore we wait, we wait, we wait, Wet cheeks, but those that are ashamed to teach. On the gulf which softness would teach. O death! the fairest lands beyond thy sea Lie waiting, and thy bars are swift and stanch And ready. Why do we reluctant launch? And when our friends their heritage have claimed Of these, and entered on it, rich and free, Oh! why of sorrow are we not ashamed?

— *Hein Jackson.*

A genuine depression of spirits, the result of religious doubts, or real calamity, is worthy of our tenderest sympathy; but this novelty about him in fitfully querulous quality. Poor Cuper was visited through the night season by fears he wrestled against with strong prayers and tears; John Bunyan in jail feeling "as if the sun that shone in the heavens did grudge to give him light," were not worrying; they were drinking of that same cup that was drained to the dregs on Mount Calvary. Though God had slain these men, they would have trusted in Him.

Worriers live under a far lower sky. They're such cowards that they will not even trust God unless upon "good security." Now faith casts a kind of honor upon God; it marrows after the operation."

shows that we believe in His goodness, and trust in His care; but worrying tells Him to His face that either His will to do us good, or His power, is wanting. Yet to argue with worriers is little use; convincing them at every point, and they will settle down the next hour into the old vaporizing, aggravating credo.

What remains for them? They must pray to God and help themselves. No one is justified in encouraging a fussy, tormenting anxiety about trifles. Egotism and selfishness are at the bottom of it. If they will remember that there is no cause why they should be exempt from the little vexations common to humanity, and which are part of the development of things, then they will get at once on higher ground. For even if their depression continue, it is humanized when it is no longer selfish and purely personal. Those who have known great calamities, real heartbreaking losses and griefs, are not worriers. The presence of a great sorrow hushes all fretful complaining. Little things "don't signify" when the home is breaking up, or the grave is open. — *AMELIA E. BARK,* in *Christian World* (London).

## THE CONVERSATIONAL BORE.

REV. GEO. S. BUTTERS.

I HAVE in mental possession a series of pictures which I have been wont to call the "Photographs of an Itinerant." To an artist they might not be considered the best, but in photography to-day the amateur is an important factor, and he takes as much pleasure in his own album as in the finer work of the professional. More than that, he does not hesitate to show his pictures to his friends. They appear interested, and while without being critical, they notice defects in development and finish, yet they are really more interested in the picture than in the art. Here is one which may interest you, although the features are not very clearly defined. There is really a secret about that, but you surmise that it was taken on a cloudy day, or that ministerial duties or the resources of the camera prevented my making it as complete as I planned.

"Who is this man?" did you ask? He is a character. I suppose I ought to spell it with a capital C, but I must not tell my secret. He is a conversationalist by profession, but gossip calls him a "talker." He is related to the Bore family, and writes that term in the middle of his full name. He is a little concealed because his half brother, a son by a second marriage, has entered the ministry. They appear interested, and while without being critical, they notice defects in development and finish, yet they are really more interested in the picture than in the art. Here is one which may interest you, although the features are not very clearly defined. There is really a secret about that, but you surmise that it was taken on a cloudy day, or that ministerial duties or the resources of the camera prevented my making it as complete as I planned.

— *Mrs. Annie A. Fisher, A. M.,* has been elected by the trustees of Denver University to the Mary Lowe Dickinson professorship of belles lettres, and also to be director of the cottage for young ladies.

— Rosetta Douglass Sprague, a daughter of Frederick Douglass, makes an earnest, spirited appeal, through the *Washington Pilot*, to the young colored women graduates, and urges them to make themselves fit for "this age of woman's endeavor," for the advancement of their race. "We want a feeling of belonging to the American womanhood," she says, with infinite pride and pathos.

— Frau Aders, the Florence Nightingale of Germany, died at Elberfeld recently in her 78th year. She was chief of the Woman's Union of the Fatherland, and one of the Lutheran Women's Union for nursing and succoring the sick and the poor. She also founded the children's hospital in Elberfeld. For her services in the Franco-Prussian war she received many decorations.

— Over 4,000 pictures were sent to the committee in charge of the exhibition of amateur photographers of all lands recently held in Vienna. Out of this number 600 were deemed worthy of contest for the prizes. An American woman, Mrs. N. Gray Bartlett, of Chicago, was fortunate in having four of her pictures accepted to be hung among the 600, and a request was sent to her for copies of the four, to be placed on permanent exhibition at the royal art gallery, as well as copies for presentation to the Empress as patroness of the display.

— The practical training bestowed at Rosemary Hall, the lately established school for girls at Wallingford, Conn., was illustrated at their late commencement exercises. A silver-mounted whip was offered as a prize to the one of four girl graduates who could harness a horse in the shortest time. Marion Hazard, of Providence, R. I., harnessed her horse in four minutes and thirty seconds, and won the prize.

## SUMMER BOARDERS

And What They Leave Behind Them.

LINGERING in the country after the "city folks" were gone, I had an opportunity of realizing all that these summer people do for the quiet country homes and their inmates. The first revelation came through that too familiar song, "Annie Rooney." Some one was singing it, when the hostess said: —

"That is 'Annie Rooney,' isn't it? I never heard it till our boarders came; they sang it every day and all the time, till we got to know it."

The question came to my mind, did not we city people, with all our musical advantages, know some melody more exalting to introduce into these receptive minds?

The young boy, mowing the weeds in the fence corner, and stopping to wipe his wet brow, dropped from his pocket a worn magazine. It contained one of Ingerson's profane addresses. Surprised to find it in the possession of such a boy, the question came involuntarily: —

"Do you read Ingerson, Mr. Dick?"

"I never heard of him till this summer. Mr. Brown, of your city, was here awhile; he got lots of mail, and handed this to me one day because I went for his mail. It is about worn out now, I've read it so much. It's queer, but spiteful."

Mr. Brown is a philanthropist when at home — a free-hearted man.

There was a tea party one day. Some one said that it was to show off the new white and gilt bed-room set. The hostess told us more about that dainty furniture when she took us up the stairs.

"Nellie wants you to see her new bed-room set. You see Mrs. Smyth was here this summer, and she told Nellie that the city girls all have white and gilt furniture, and so Nellie set up to have it, too. She teased father, and he is so soft-hearted toward her, of course she got it. He wants her not to be behind the city girls. I was sorry, for he was going to see his folks at the old home, but he said he would rather see Nellie enjoy the money, and he would go next year. Mrs. Smyth pleads for me, but she is a mean old woman, and she got in Nellie's head; so this time I just told her I wasn't allowing to have any boarders regularly next summer; so she and her set won't be coming. But I didn't say a word here to home about it."

There are dog-eared copies of shallow magazines and books and packs of playing cards drifting to the surface from bureau drawers and closets, each with its influence, though the one who brought and discarded them has forgotten it long ago.

A rainy day coming when the mall was delayed, there was nothing to read, encouraged the hostess to bring out a pile of religious weeklies.

"I thought you might like to see them. There's one for every week of July and August. Mrs. Graham left them; she took it all, and said I could read it, but I never got the time. But after she was gone I found an old copy lying to plain sight. I suppose she left them on purpose, and I'm glad she did, because we have decided to take it; we need a family paper."

The clock strikes nine, and you wish that he would launch his bark on the "great ocean of out-doors," but after your hinted help in that movement, and when you think him launched, he continues to "hug the shore" of your home and appears ready to anchor there for the night. He may have been kind, but not the kind you like. He tried to do good, but the benefit had some evil mingled with it. He will never be thoroughly appreciated, but he has the advantage in that he appreciates himself.

I do not feel quite satisfied with the picture, because it was so hard to get him when his features were at rest. I had said, "All ready!" several times, and just then he thought of something he wanted to say, and of course I had to listen. He may not look natural as I have photographed him, but I thought perhaps I could give you some idea of him, so that if he happened to come your way you could govern yourself accordingly. "Does he look like — ?" I never said so. The photograph is really a composite, and perhaps has a resemblance to several of us if we had others' eyes.

Bom. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore

A hungry lion give a grievous roar;

The grievous roar echoed along the shore.

Artax. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore

Another lion give a grievous roar,

And the first lion thought the last a bore.

## ABOUT WOMEN.

The real name of "Octave Thonet," the novelist, is Alice Fane, and her home is in Iowa.

— Mrs. Grimwood is only the second woman who has ever received the Royal Red Cross, the other having been Florence Nightingale. It is a crimson cross bordered with gold, and is fastened to a dark blue ribbon with a red edge. Upon the cross are the words, "Faith, Hope, Charity."

— Miss Mildred Howells, the clever young daughter of the well-known author, contributed a quaint little poem to *St. Nicholas* for July, entitled "Song of Folly." She herself furnished the illustrations.

— Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, the well-known writer, public speaker, and past national president W. R. C., becomes one of the editors of *Home and Country*.

— Miss Anna A. Fisher, A. M., has been elected by the trustees of Denver University to the Mary Lowe Dickinson professorship of belles lettres, and also to be director of the cottage for young ladies.

— Rosetta Douglass Sprague, a daughter of Frederick Douglass, makes an earnest, spirited appeal, through the *Washington Pilot*, to the young colored women graduates, and urges them to make themselves fit for "this age of woman's endeavor," for the advancement of their race. "We want a feeling of belonging to the American womanhood," she says, with infinite pride and pathos.

— Frau Aders, the Florence Nightingale of Germany, died at Elberfeld recently in her 78th year. She was chief of the Woman's Union of the Fatherland, and one of the Lutheran Women's Union for nursing and succoring the sick and the poor. She also founded the children's hospital in Elberfeld. For her services in the Franco-Prussian war she received many decorations.

— Over 4,000 pictures were sent to the committee in charge of the exhibition of amateur photographers of all lands recently held in Vienna. Out of this number 600 were deemed worthy of contest for the prizes. An American woman, Mrs. N. Gray Bartlett, of Chicago, was fortunate in having four of her pictures accepted to be hung among the 600, and a request was sent to her for copies of the four, to be placed on permanent exhibition at the royal art gallery, as well as copies for presentation to the Empress as patroness of the display.

— The practical training bestowed at Rosemary Hall, the lately established school for girls at Wallingford, Conn., was illustrated at their late commencement exercises. A silver-mounted whip was offered as a prize to the one of four girl graduates who could harness a horse in the shortest time. Marion Hazard, of Providence, R. I., harnessed her horse in four minutes and thirty seconds, and won the prize.

— *SYDNEY DAYRE*, in *N. Y. Independent*.

Sunday morning brings out another memory of the summer time, when all the family dress themselves for church, and the carriage goes away filled.

"Yes, we got to going again. We had given it up some way, but we had some people here who couldn't settle down, still at home from church, and either I or husband had to drive them, then the children had a curiosity to go, so we just kept on going, for it seemed as easy to s'pose."

Another lady had left her sign manual in a recipe for good yeast bread, which had replaced the daily presence of hot "light" bread, seldom light. I was told that "mother" thought she did not have the headache so much now as she used to have when eating hot bread.

So one may glean every year from the harvest of words and deeds which the summer people sow broadcast so thoughtlessly.

Perhaps some time we shall know what the "city folks" find beside rest and country air.

CLARA ROSANNA BUSH, in *New York Observer*.

## COMMON MISTAKES.

HOW many people are there who pronounce any proportion of their words correctly, not merely by reason of clipping and mouthings, but by ignorance of good usage? We find them everywhere, and they lay the accent on the first instead of on the second syllable of acclimate, for example; they pronounce the second syllable of acoustic, coo, instead of cow; they do not put the accent on the last syllable of adept, as they should do; they leave the u sound out of buoy; they pronounce duke with the sound of oo instead of with the simple long u; emphasize the first instead of the second syllable of e-cigarette; and sound the t in often. They are astonished to know that precedence has the accent on the second syllables, and placard on the last; that quay is called key; that sough's souf; that the z instead of the s sound is to be given in sacrifice, and the reverse in rie; that subtle and subtle are two different words; that the last syllable of tortoise is pronounced "tis" instead of "tus"; that it should be used not ust; and that it is not the "zoo," but the zoological gardens where one goes to see the chimpanzee, and not the chimpanzee. It is quite time, we think, when we hear one of these talkers, for some of the fancy work and fancy studies of the day to be dropped, and a little hard work on the dictionary put in their place. — *Harper's Bazaar*.

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## Review of the Week.

Tuesday, August 4.

The Massachusetts branch of the American Federation of Labor is in session at Haverhill. John and Isabella Beecher Hooker celebrate their golden wedding.

Wilfred E. Cassells, of the firm of Wilson, Cassells & Co., Boston, commits suicide in Portland. Investigation shows that he was guilty of forgery.

The election of Rev. Isaac L. Nickerson as bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Milwaukee.

The "Home Fascinator" Company declared fraudulent by the post-office authorities; thousands of persons swindled.

Fire destroys a big electric plant at Staten Island; loss, \$200,000.

Failure of Abraham Becker, dealer in commercial paper, New York; liabilities, \$1,000,000.

The French Jewish Association approves Baron Hirsch's plan.

Fire in the dry goods district of Chicago causes a loss of \$1,000,000.

Opening of the 25th annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Detroit, Mich.

Henry T. Bingham appointed immigration inspector at Boston.

Gold fever in New York money market.

Alarming spread of small-pox in Peru.

Wednesday, August 5.

The next G.A.R. encampment will be held in Washington, D.C.

The Canadian government has decided to surrender the seven American fishing vessels seized off Eastport.

Nearly forty thousand veterans joined in the grand parade at Detroit yesterday. Ex-President Hayes marched in the ranks.

The cod fishing at Newfoundland said to be the best for years.

Owing to competition between the Spreckels Philadelphia Sugar Company and Havemeyer of the Sugar Trust, granulated sugar is reduced to four cents a pound.

The Patent Office the past year granted 22,307 patents; and 1,714 trade marks and 286 labels were registered.

The British Parliament was prorogued to-day.

Nearly fifty undesirable immigrants detained at East Boston.

M. Houston, French minister at Washington, transferred to Spain.

Return of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien to the House of Commons.

Thursday, August 6.

The White Star steamer "Majestic" beat her record on her last voyage from Liverpool—5 days, 18 hours and 5 minutes.

A cloud-burst at South Harrisburg, Pa., did much damage.

A collision occurred at Champlain, N.Y., killing three persons and injuring about thirty others.

Franklin G. Fessenden, of Greenfield, is appointed a Justice of the Superior Bench, vice Judge Staples, deceased.

A mob sacks the Jewish quarter of a Russian town, kills three men and wounds many others.

Friday, August 7.

The Grand Army encampment at Detroit finished its business yesterday. Captain Palmer, of New York, was elected commander-in-chief.

A collision on the West Shore road about twenty-five miles from Syracuse, N.Y., caused the death of thirteen persons and the fatal wounding of four others. The killed were mostly Italian laborers.

The pyrotechnic production in this city, "The Fall of Pompeii," is discontinued.

A fatal case of hydrophobia reported in Malden.

A fire at Epping camp-ground yesterday destroyed \$16,000 worth of cottages.

Nine convicts escaped from Auburn prison, and six were re-caught soon after.

The gipsey moth has appeared in Maine.

The crops in India have failed, owing to protracted drought, and people and cattle are reported to be already dying of starvation.

Charles T. Dillingham, bookseller and publisher, New York, makes an assignment.

M. Henri Litoff, musician and composer, is dead.

Catholic girls in Meriden, Conn., forbidden by the priest to "keep company" with Protestant young men, for fear of unhappy marriages.

A small train derailed at Ashburnham Junction, and an engine and three cars badly smashed.

Saturday, August 8.

Yesterday's thunder storm killed a man at Kittery, Me., and did some damage in New Hampshire.

The hot wave covers the entire West and Northwest and extends east to Detroit, Mich., the temperature ranging from 90 to 100 degrees daily.

A great amount of damage has been done at Melbourne, Australia, by a tremendous tidal wave.

The West Shore collision was due to criminal negligence on the part of two employees who have run away.

George M. Shinn, son of Rev. Dr. G. W. Shinn, rector of Grace Episcopal Church, Newton, committed suicide yesterday afternoon by cutting his throat with a razor.

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Six persons were drowned off Boston yesterday by the upsetting of a yacht.

Occurrence of a disastrous storm on the shores of Lake Superior at Ashland and Wisconsin, Wis.

One man killed and a dozen seriously injured by a gas explosion in a colliery at Pottsville, Pa.

Captain Lawler and his little boat, the "Sea Serpent," arrive safely at an English port.

Paul Crampel, a French explorer in Africa, and three others of his expedition, were assassinated by natives.

The Imperial of Madrid says it learns that President Balmaceda of Chile and the leaders of the Chilean insurgents have appealed to the Spanish Government to act as arbitrator and end the war.

THE CONFERENCES.

(Continued from Page 5.)

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Rev. H. G. Housington, W. E. Bennett, and C. D. Hills from the district were among the preachers in connection with the Heding Academia at East Epping. Rev. Fred E. White was one of the lecturers.

Let all keep in mind the Claremont camp-meeting, Aug. 13-20. Reduced rates on the

railroads; passes for the pastors. Programs are out, which can be had of Rev. R. L. Bruce, Springfield, Vt.

The camp-meeting at Wilmot is Aug. 31-Sept. 5. Come to this gathering. Give it your help. It is not large—that is why we need you. Come to West Andover on the Northern road, and a large ride of about a mile will take you to the grounds.

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The pastor is Bro. Byrne, who has served them for some months past. They will be connected with the First Church until such time as they shall become able to care for a pastor by themselves.

Bever District.

Hampstead had a red-letter day, Sunday, Aug. 2—Rev. C. H. Smith, of Sandown, held a grove-meeting under direction of Pastor Jarrett, and baptized ten persons after the road may justify his liberality.

St. Johnsbury District.

East Burke.—The Sabbath-schools of this place enjoyed an excursion to Newport, with a sail up the lake, on July 16. The day was all that could be desired, and about 140 adults and children had a rich treat.

Newell is pushing vigorously for the necessary funds with which to command the Church Extension grant—\$1,600 only remaining to be hunted up now in order to reach the draft in October. Pews are contracted for, to be set on a circle, pews and backs, all in place by September 25. Dedication is hoped for on the 14th of October, and Drs. Hamilton and Buckley and Bishop Foster are expected on that occasion. Bro. Holman has had a recent sudden illness, and is now taking a few weeks of rest. He is very effectively assisted in his work by a lady helper, who is doing diligent mission work on week-days in a religious canvass of Centralville, and also supplies the pulpit during the pastor's vacation.

East Epping has met with serious disaster; but so much less extensive than all feared, that we are grateful, and do not expect any permanent injury to our work. On Thursday forenoon, Aug. 6, about 11 o'clock, fire broke out in the cottage of Seth E. Dawson, of Lawrence, on Wesley Park. The flames spread quickly to the east into a larger building, formerly occupied by Grace Church society, of Haverhill. There seemed no possibility of stopping the flames, so the next building was demolished to prevent the destructive element from crossing the small stream which flows through the grounds. This stopped the fire's devastation in that direction, but from the Dawson cottage the blaze progressed rapidly to the west, up quite a hill, totally destroying nine cottages. The buildings burned were all small ones, and among the oldest structures on the ground. The principal fear from the outset was that the dining-hall would take fire; in which event there would be little hope for any of the other buildings, and the most strenuous efforts of the campers-out were put forth to save that building. Everybody about the ground worked manfully, the ladies doing heroic service in bringing water in pails from the spring. Ten buildings in all were burned.

Groton Camp-meeting.—This meeting commences Aug. 17. Although loaned for another district later, Rev. J. L. Felt will again have charge of the singing at Weirs, and will be assisted by a cornetist and chorus choir.

Bishop Foster was so pleased with the meeting and the mountain and lake scenery last year, that, with his daughter, he will spend the week at the meeting this year. The program includes, also, Dr. Leonard, missionary secretary, Drs. Hills and Rowley, with many other brothers, gifted and called with the "holy calling" to lead all into the possession of the "great things" God has for us all. Improvements worthy of note are: \$2,500 were expended last year to bring an abundance of cool, pure spring water to every cottage and society house; and \$4,000 have been laid out on the Lake Side Hotel the present year. Several fine cottages have been erected this summer. But we look to this meeting for much greater things spiritual and physical "and the waters of life."

Groton Camp-meeting will commence Aug. 31, and that at Copley Brook Sept. 14. Programs are being arranged for a later issue. Assurance of efficient helpers is given. Let all concerned pray for the gift of power by the Holy Spirit to all of these meetings.

Tilton Seminary.—Parents, guardians,

and friends of the school are invited to the annual session, are as a Conference called to note the passing on of one of our number, Rev. A. J. Copeland, of Chelsea, having died at his home the evening of Aug. 2. At evening time it was light, and he was not, for God took him. The funeral services on the following Tuesday, Aug. 6, were conducted by Rev. H. E. Howard, the pastor, having charge.

The Weir League convention at Cabot was a great success. The county papers gave detailed reports, and the delegates were unanimous in their praise. A noteworthy incident was the attendance of seventy at the service at 5:30 o'clock in the morning. At another social service there were six prayers and forty-seven testimonies in fifteen minutes. Doubtless a fuller report will be given in the next issue of the HERALD.

The District Preachers' Meeting will be held the second week in September. From replies to inquiries by the committee on program, it would seem as if many of the brethren had conspired to combine and "make excuse" regarding attendance. Brethren, let us either heartily support the Preachers' Meeting or else give it a decent burial and have the agony over! It does seem as if a majority of the preachers might find time and opportunity to attend a meeting lasting but one day and one evening. A rousing meeting might be the beginning of a blessed revival.

All the pupils are taught to work. The girls will be thoroughly instructed in cutting and fitting garments, sewing, and housekeeping, and the boys in farming. We have just finished planting an acre and a half of sweet potatoes and edoes, and we are now preparing ground for casada, all the work having been done by our boys.

We greatly desire also to furnish a reading-room for the use of our pupils, and we desire a copy of ZION'S HERALD to visit it regularly. But should it come, as we hope it will, it must come as a donation, for as we serve there is no fund for that purpose. Second-hand books of a suitable character would also be quite acceptable, and cards for the primary pupils would be quite a treat. All that is received by us for the use of our school we will, in turn, give to the poor, and anyone who gives to the cause of the Herald.

Mr. Williams addressed, to Rev. William D. Nichols, principal of Cape Palmas Seminary, Cape Palmas, Liberia, West Coast of Africa.

The necessity of having a reading-room furnished with the required chairs and tables, and books, will be the main object when you take into consideration the fact that there is not a periodical of any kind published in Liberia; and, though our church in this town has a membership of three hundred, not a copy of our church periodicals visits the home of any member.

This sad state of affairs is caused by poverty. The people here are poor, very poor.

Cape Palmas, Africa.

VERMONT CONFERENCE.

Springfield District.

Since my last communication to the HERALD, several charges have been officially visited and some honest work attempted in the Master's service. At Bellows Falls, where the pastor is serving his fifth year, the work opens well, with perhaps better congregations than during either of the previous years. The quarterly conference authorized the pastor to proceed at once in the matter of obtaining funds for a new parsonage. Later we have something to communicate as to generous giving toward this enterprise; but for the present let it be known that all of God's noblemen are not dead and in heaven yet.

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